

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

VOL. I.

MARCH 12, 1814.

No. VIII.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

THE succeeding Memoir of a Young Man, whose real name is concealed under that of *Julius*, is worthy of publication, on account of the solemn admonition which it affords to the rising generation. The writer of this article was well acquainted with the unhappy subject of it; and all the facts and circumstances hereafter mentioned are unquestionably authentic. Julius commenced life with the fairest prospects and under the most favorable auspices. Born of parents highly respectable and wealthy, surrounded by connections the most honorable and affluent, fortune seemed to smile upon him, and to pronounce that prosperity and honor were his legitimate inheritance. When the mind of Julius began to unfold itself, and his intellectual powers to be exerted, he displayed such quickness of apprehension, such brilliancy of thought, such singular precocity of genius, that his parents and relatives were enraptured with the prospect of his displaying the most splendid talents, and rising to the highest eminence. Through the common forms of school education, he ran with surprising rapidity, leaving far behind him all his competitors in the intellectual race. But, with these indications of uncommon mind, with these singular powers of apprehension and memory, were mingled evidences of a most volatile disposition, of uncontrollable passions, and of an almost total destitution of steadiness of principle, and decision of character. In catching the infection of evil example, in imbibing the maxims and principles of the men of the world, in bending his manners and morals to the sinuosities of fashion and folly, and in searching out every possible path of diversion or mischief; he displayed greater quickness of parts, and felicity of invention, than even in literary pursuits. But in religious knowlege, his progress was always

slow, and in learning moral duties, or acquiring habits of devotion, his faculties appeared unusually dull.

He early exhibited a fondness for fiction, a propensity to falsehood, an inclination to sneer at sacred things, and a tendency in his language to profanity and indecency.—These dark shades appear in the portrait of his juvenile character; but they were almost lost in the brilliancy of talent, and in the boldness of extraordinary endowments. These faults thus early appearing, gave many pangs to his parents; but they consoled themselves with the hope, that the rays of science, would scatter these clouds, and ultimately that the radiant beams of the Sun of Righteousness would chase them into oblivion. They did not prune off these noxious branches, they did not resolutely attack these foes at the threshold, but trusted, that by kindness and indulgence, by advice, persuasion, and instruction, they could allure him to the paths of virtue and piety.

They did not resolutely tear up these poisonous weeds by the roots, but attempted, by cultivating the virtues, and enlarging the powers of the mind, to make the vigorous shoots of excellence overshadow and destroy the baleful plants of vice and immorality.

The effects of this fondness and indulgence, the results of this most ruinous system, will appear in the sequel.—Such was the character of Julius, when, at the age of 16 or 17, he entered ——— College, in New-England. His uncommon attainments ensured him a high standing in his class, and a flattering distinction among his companions. This fanned the flame of vanity, and rendered him proud and self-important. The literary exercises which were assigned him, were rapidly passed over, and he was left in possession of abundant leisure. Now had arrived a most eventful period in the life of Julius. He was now transplanted from under the shade of parental care, to the open plain, exposed to the withering blasts of temptation.

In his present state, he was assailed by the seductions of vice, and the allurements of dissipation. He was exposed to be swept down by the current of bad example, and to be overwhelmed in the vortex of licentiousness. Through this perilous ordeal every student passes, upon his entrance upon a College life. Julius did not escape its multiplied dangers.

He soon became idle, dissipated, and profane. Foremost in every scene of folly and wickedness, he soon learned to trample upon law, to insult authority, and to glory in every species of impiety and depravity. But, in the midst of all these follies and vices, he still excited admiration by the elegance of his taste, the beauties of his composition, the variety of his attainments, and the vivid flashes of his wit and eloquence. At times he would appear to relent, to be impressed with the best feelings, and to be filled with the most noble, pious sentiments; but soon all these flattering appearances would vanish, and he would relapse into the wildest excesses. Thus passed the two first years of his Collegiate course. As yet, the rod of discipline had been but gently laid upon him, the Governors of the College seeming to bear with his eccentricities, and to wait the result of all these fluctuations.

About this time, a still more important and eventful crisis occurred in the life of this singular youth. His mind suddenly was deeply impressed with religious truth. Every power of his soul seemed convulsed with a sense of guilt, and a fear of wrath. The terrors of the Lord filled him with anguish—the solemnities of Eternity rested upon him. He seemed pressed down under the burden of sin; and the prospects of death and judgment rose before him in the most alarming manner.

While he was in this state of mind, his friends rejoiced in the hope, that he would now experience a complete change of heart, and become as distinguished for piety, as he had been for wickedness.

Against these terrors of conscience, his proud heart rose with indignation. This sense of guilt, his fear of wrath, his remorse, and horror of mind, were combatted by hatred of holiness and devotion, love of sin, false shame, sensual passions, and obstinate impenitence. Hard was the contest between these conflicting powers. The destinies of an immortal soul were suspended upon the issue. It was decided—and Hell triumphed. The conflict ended in a complete victory on the part of pride and impenitence. Immediately every salutary fear, every religious impression, vanished away. And Julius, from that day, became a hardened reprobate, a profane scoffer, and a most bitter ene-

my to all religion. He returned with keener relish to forbidden pleasures and unhallowed pursuits. He completely gave up the reins to his turbulent passions, and vicious propensities, and became entirely abandoned to every kind of iniquity. He was soon disgracefully dismissed from the College, and his parents were compelled, though with the deepest anguish, to abandon him as totally incorrigible. He then departed to a large city, and there sunk into the most degraded state of vice and infamy. See now, the once accomplished, elegant, and enviable Julius, a worthless, drunken vagabond—a common gambler—a diseased, polluted sensualist—nay, a common thief! immured in gaol, and scourged at the common whipping-post for stealing.

After this, he entered one of our frigates as a common sailor, and in a few days after, by the bursting of a gun, was launched into Eternity.

Youth! re-peruse this awful recital of facts—behold this tremendous monument of warning, and beware!

Parent! read this account, and strive to profit by it.

ELIHU.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REV. DR. COLLYER'S
LECTURES ON SCRIPTURE FACTS.

LECTURE I.—(*Continued from page 97.*)

THE NECESSITY OF A DIVINE REVELATION.

We solicit your attention to

- I. Their superstitions and rites of worship.
- II. Their civil institutions and their defective morals.
- III. Their uncertain conjectures in relation to futurity.

- I. Their superstitions and rites of worship.

And in contemplating the state of religion during the boasted reign of reason and philosophy, we cannot but be struck with their ignorance of

1. *The nature and the attributes of God.*—When man was left to wander over this wide globe without one cheering ray to guide his feet, the light of nature excepted, the progression of erroneous conclusions founded upon one

false principle, was rapid and extensive. He beheld this fair world covered with every thing necessary to his existence, and to his enjoyments. Spring enchanted all his senses: a summer's sun poured his glories around him: autumn furnished his table; and experience taught him to secure her bounty in his rude habitation, while the blasts of winter howled round his dwelling, and spread desolation over the plains. He perceived that these seasons regularly returned, and that they departed in their order. He concluded that they had their appointed periods; and this suggested to him the conviction of a supreme, over-ruling Intelligence. In every nation, and in every age, the conception of the being of a God, presented itself to the human mind; and an Atheist was a monster, even in the days of heathenism. He had no clear conception, however, of spirit distinct from matter; and, therefore, conjectured that this God might be visible. Here commenced his errors. He looked around in search of this great first cause. He beheld the sun, as he performed his apparent journey round the globe. When his beams were tempered with gentleness, it was spring: when they poured their most fervid radiance upon the earth, it was summer: their continued vivification produced the maturity of autumn; and their total absence, or partial influence, the storms and the gloom of winter. But, when he re-appeared, the snow dissolved, rivers flowed afresh, and the face of nature was renewed. Of all the objects around him, which could be so likely to be the God of nature? Or, in the eye of philosophy itself, what presented so perfect a resemblance of the Deity? The Persian raised him an altar, and bowed with fervor before his shrine.

But the sun was not the only benefactor of man. Night spread her mantle over him, and he sought repose. The moon lighted him from his labor, and diffused a silvery, partial illumination upon the face of creation, which, before her rising, was enveloped in perfect obscurity. In her appearance she resembled the ruler of the day; and the conclusion was irresistible, that she ought to divide with him the honors of worship. Thus while the sun scorched the head of the adoring Persian; the worshippers of the moon rent the air with shouting, "Great is Diana of the Ephe-

sians." Still but *two* of the hosts of heaven were considered. The smaller appearances of light, kindled in the skies, during the absence of the sun, were deemed of the same nature, and supposed to answer the same purposes, with the larger; and it was at length inferred, that they also should be remembered as objects of adoration; altho' possibly *subordinately* to the others, as they were inferior in glory. Hence sprang Polytheism.

The arts and sciences in the mean time advanced; and while they were erecting for themselves splendid habitations, they thought that their deities ought to derive some honor from the enlargement of useful knowledge. Temples arose, and altars were elevated. There the worshipper adored his supposed deity with greater convenience. A resemblance of his God occurred to his mind, as desirable. The idea was eagerly adopted. On some altars the fire flamed, as the purest emblem of the sun. Others copied the figure of the waxing moon, and described a crescent. Others adored the resemblance of a star. But the Egyptian ever ready in symbols, considered the qualities of his deities; and whether they were energy or fervor as in the sun, or gentleness and softness as in the moon, he represented them by the unbending strength of manhood, or the mild, dignified chastity of the woman. When the mind had once seized the counterpart of its imaginary god in nature, there quickly sprang up an Apollo, and a Hercules, and a Diana. Here arose Image-Worship.

Nor did human infatuation end here. Every object around them was deified. The heavens, the air, the sea, the very earth, were adored under the names of Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, and Cybele. The catalogue was swelled to infinity! Their fellow men, whom they either feared or loved, were exalted to heavenly dominion. A conqueror deluged the world in blood. Desolation attended his footsteps. The wreath with which he bound his forehead was nurtured in the field of slaughter, and washed in the tears of widows and orphans. Sighs filled the floatings of his banners; and he drove his chariot with frozen insensibility over the slain in the midst of the battle. He was a curse to the earth, and execrated by the nations. He enlarged indeed the limits of his empire; but every inch of ground

added to his own dominions, was an encroachment upon those of his neighbors, and was purchased at the expense of the heart's blood of his contemporaries. After his death, dazzled by his exploits, his infatuated subjects paid him divine honors, and placed him among their worthless deities. One man taught his countrymen to cast seed into the ground, after it had been broken up, and thus to cause "the little one to become a thousand;" and he was worshipped as presiding over the fruits of the earth. Another availed himself of the cloudless atmosphere of Babylon, and ascending a lofty tower, made early observations on the heavenly bodies—he was adored as the king of heaven. A third, by dint of attention, foretold the return of periodical winds; and he was worshipped as having charge of the storms, under the name of *Æolus*. A fourth crossed the ocean, and in a frail bark committed himself to the mercy of the winds and waves. Both the hero and his ship were instantly translated to the skies; and at this hour a constellation in the heavens bears their name, and keeps the daring enterprise in remembrance. While a fifth discovering medicinal virtues in plants, and applying them with success in certain cases, became the god of medicine, was said to unpeople the grave, and was adored under the name of *Esculapius*. To pursue the subject, would be useless and wearisome; every part of the heavens, the earth, the air, the sea, and the supposed infernal world, was crowded with deities; and every succeeding tyrant, as the first act of his reign, gave his merciless predecessor a place among the gods.

While they all professedly admitted, that there was one supreme being who presided over their multiplied divinities, and held them all in subjection, they perpetually disagreed on the point to whom this honor belonged; and the supreme deity of one country, held only a subordinate place in another.

Respecting the attributes of the objects of their worship, they discovered unequalled ignorance and impiety. We are compelled to draw a veil over the principles and operations of these pretended deities; for the tale is too gross to recite in the ear of modesty; and the picture could not meet the eye, without calling up a blush of shame, sorrow, and indignation, on the cheek of innocence. Who must not

shudder with horror when he reads, that these sons of reason and philosophy, ascribed to the holy and invisible God, uncleanness, and every detestable vice?"* We will pass on from the nature and number of their deities, to consider,

2. *Their worship of God.* Their religious adoration, so called, was such as would have been better suited to the house of an harlot, than to the temple of God. Lasciviousness was sanctioned, encouraged and practised, under the holy and venerable name of religion. The more infamous the rites, the more acceptable were they supposed to be to the Deity. The apostle Paul has delineated in strong colors, the affecting depravity of that dreary and comfortless period.

"Because when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imagination, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools; and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God, into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things. Wherefore God also gave them up to uncleanness. Who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever, amen. For this cause God gave them up unto vile affections."—

The whole of this awful and well-founded accusation, which contains in it things not to be so much as named among us, is given in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, from the twenty-first verse to the end. And he who has read the Satires of Juvenal, or is at all acquainted with the history of those times, cannot dispute for a moment the fidelity of the apostle's testimony.

It is the first principle of our nature to believe the existence of a God; and the first dictate of our reason, that, admitting this existence, we are bound to serve him, to obey him, and to sacrifice whatever we hold most dear to his demand. This is the dictate of reason, assisted or unassisted by the light of revelation. The Bible has directed this conviction to a proper object; and has specified the sacrifice which we should make, and the offering which

* The gross impurity to which this paragraph alludes, was principally ascribed in the mythology of the heathens to Jupiter, their *supreme* deity.

duty requires us to present, when it says, "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." When "darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people," the self-same principles were held; but alas! they were not directed to a right object! It is affecting to see the wretched and ignorant sons of men obeying the dictates of reason on this point, and, convinced that sacrifices ought to be presented to the Deity, concluding that he was "altogether such an one as themselves," and forming a false estimate of his character and perfections, offering all that was most precious to them, to the extinction of parental feeling, and in contempt of the voice of humanity. See yonder Druid, with fierceness glaring in his eyes, and the consecrated branch in his hand, polluting thy soil, O Britain! with the ashes of hundreds of victims consumed in an enormous image! But soft—we promised to produce examples only from polished nations, and from empires at the zenith of their glory. And we shall not have read far in the pages which record the brightest splendors of antiquity, before we find the "pitiful woman," offering her first born for her "transgression, the fruit of the body for the sin of the soul;" the mother "forgetting her sucking child," and "ceasing to have compassion upon the son of her womb." My heart fails me, and the blood curdles in my veins with horror, when I recollect that it was a custom common among the Carthaginians to sacrifice children to Saturn. The statue of that idol was of brass, and formed with extended arms; but so constructed, as to suffer whatever was placed upon them to fall into a fierce fire; flaming in a furnace at the foot of the image. The trembling parent approached with a countenance of ease which ill concealed the anguish of the heart, and presented the child. The distracted mother imprinted, with a parched lip, a last kiss upon the blooming cheek of her smiling infant. The ferocious priest, clothed in scarlet, received the unconscious babe from the maternal embrace; and, placing it on the arms of this infernal image, it fell into the fire. At that instant the drums were beat, and the air rang with acclamations from the surrounding multitude, to cover the agony of the bereaved parents, and to drown the shrieks of the

consuming victim ! On one occasion, two hundred children of the first families in Carthage were thus immolated ! and on their annual sacrifices, those who had no children were accustomed to purchase those of the poor for this horrible purpose.

These are thy boasted triumphs, O reason ! May God graciously preserve to us the teachings of the scriptures ! At this mournful review of the blood-stained trophies of cruel and inexorable superstition, surely every parent must feel the necessity, and value the blessing, of a divine Revelation. Hail, Christianity ! It was thine to teach us "a more excellent way:" it was thine to overthrow the altars erected to an "unknown God," and defiled with human blood: it was thine to do away the impure rites which cannot be named without a blush, for the weakness and the wickedness of human nature: it was thine to roll the dark portentous cloud from the understanding: it was thine to demand the peaceful, noble sacrifice of the body by the crucifixion of its lusts and passions ! And it is a *reasonable* service ; for it is consonant with the purest dictates of reason: it is not a grievous service: it violates no principle of nature: it tortures no feeling of humanity. It is the *only* reasonable service which man can offer, and which is worthy the acceptance of Deity: yet which, but for the light of revelation, had never been discovered. Thy peace-speaking voice requires no blood to be shed; for the "sacrifice for sin" has already been presented in the death of Jesus Christ: it requires no mortification of our feelings, but such as are depraved, and which were introduced into the mind by sin; but which are not the genuine feelings of humanity, because they were not implanted in the day when God made man "in his own image." The only slaughter demanded on thy altar, is that of vice and immorality, of a bitter and unforgiving spirit, of a proud, imperious, untractable disposition, of a useless, ungodly life !

(To be continued.)

AN ESSAY ON DEATH.

THIS is a subject on which the greatest divines, and other moral writers, have expatiated. It is an object of much importance with respect to our dying well, that we have an idea of it always impressed on our minds, even

in the most hurried and tumultuous scenes of life. It matters not, therefore, how often it be repeated, and how frequently we hear lectures on a subject of such general concern.

Among the variety of objects calculated to engage the mind with serious reflections, there are none which impress it with more real solemnity, than those which give us an image of our dissolution. Death, of all things, to the mind of man, is the most terrible. While other objects but faintly captivate the feelings, this impresses them with the utmost awe and veneration. It diffuses through the whole frame the most fearful terror, and of all other objects is best calculated to promote religion in the mind, and to engage it with sentiments of reverence and veneration for the Divine Creator.

When we contemplate the wonderful change Death makes, both in the state of the soul and body, we shall not be surprised to find the mind impressed with horror at the idea. We naturally reflect that of all enemies this is the most powerful ; that when attacked by it, we are sure to fall without the possibility of ever recovering. These ideas co-operating, render it an object of the utmost terror and dread. It impresses us with religious sentiments, when we consider that the sure and certain consequence of it is, either punishment for our crimes, or eternal felicity for our virtues. On the one hand, we are taught by it to venerate piety and virtue, as the paths to peace and tranquillity here, and celestial happiness beyond the grave ; and, on the other, directed to shun vice and immorality, as the certain forerunners of future misery. Every image of it is replete with wisdom, and every idea of it full of the most important instructions. The silent tomb is a melancholy monument, erected to point out to posterity the vanity and impotence of human nature. It is a volume, every page of which is filled with the most invaluable lessons of virtue and morality, and the most serious admonitions to a life of holiness and piety. It points the index to eternity, and informs us that this is not our abiding place, but admonishes us to prepare to take our journey to "that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns." It investigates in the clearest manner, that important truth discovered to us in

the great law of nature, "that man must die," and convinces us of the vanity of human life, and the folly and insignificance of all the fleeting pleasures that this world affords. It discovers to us the futility of its most shining ornaments, and its greatest glory, when compared to the inestimable blessings of virtue and wisdom; and teaches us to prize and to venerate the one, while we hate and despise the other. It shews in an eminent degree what our fate is, and what we may certainly expect in a few revolving years. Ah! a few revolving years did I say?—Alas! perhaps to-morrow, perhaps this very moment; for life is fleeting as a shadow, baseless as a vision!

We naturally start with horror at the thought of a change in our present state, especially too, as we know not what may succeed it, or what we are to expect from it. The human mind is too finite to dive into futurity, or to investigate the counsels of eternity. We, therefore, naturally start with surprise, at the idea of entering into an unknown state familiar to us only in idea or imagination. On the other hand, the gloomy prospect of being laid in the silent grave, to moulder into dust, and to be nourishment for the worms, has something in its nature shocking and distressing to our present feelings. Nature recoils on herself at a thought so repugnant to her; but yet, this is the law of nature, and the express commands of the Almighty, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."

The Creator, in the wise dispensation of his providence, has been pleased to send this king of terrors into the world, in order, at a certain period fixed by his eternal will, to kill the body, that the soul may return to her native state, and to that divine source from which she first originated. He hath placed us here in a state of probation, or trial, for eternity. Like the young tree in the nursery, we flourish, and grow more and more towards maturity and perfection, in order, at a certain period, to be transplanted into the orchard of eternal life. Death, then, is the instrument, by which we are cut off from this nursery of human nature, and planted in the garden of paradise. Thus we see the harmony of nature, and the wisdom of the Almighty. The good man will naturally view those things with a philosophic mind, and contemplate them with pleasure and de-

light. He blesses his Creator for the invention of a method by which he is liberated from a world of troubles, and placed in a more happy and a more glorious situation. He views Death as the avenue through which he is to make his exit from time into eternity, and meditates on the silent tomb, not with the fear of his own dissolution, or the apprehension of what may succeed it, but he learns wisdom from the solemn truths it contains, and is taught more and more to despise vice, and to love and venerate virtue and piety.

Death liberates the slave, and puts an end to all his sufferings in this life. It tumbles the monarch from his throne; snatches from him his kingly power and authority, and confines him to the peaceful mansions of the tomb. It equalizes the rich with the poor, the aspiring worldling with the humble poor man, and the haughty tyrant with the meanest slave. Death is the time when ambition ceases to glow with ardent desire, and when avarice loses its love for emolument. It humbles the proudest mortal to the dust, and wrests from him all his imaginary greatness. It finally consummates our existence on this mortal stage, whirls the soul into the boundless ocean of eternity, and consigns the body to the gloomy mansions of the grave.

The surest barrier against the terrors of Death is virtue and piety—a general observance of the injunctions and commands of the religion we profess. These are certain antidotes against all its horrors, and the mind, far from being distracted with gloomy apprehensions, or haunted with the idea of future misery, is the seat of calmness, peace, and resignation. Under these circumstances, she views Death at a distance, without much fear or concern, and contemplates its approach, not as a prelude to punishment or misery, but as a change from a state of trouble and distress, for a more glorious inheritance in the regions of eternity.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S SENSE OF THE DEITY.

THIS most beautiful system of the sun, planets, and comets, could only arise from the counsel and dominion of an intelligent and powerful Being. And if the fixed stars be centres of similar systems, these being all formed by like wisdom must be subject to the dominion of one: especially

since the light of the fixed stars is of the same nature with the light of the sun, and all systems mutually give and receive light. God governs all things, not as the soul of the world, but as the Lord of the universe. The Supreme Deity is an eternal, infinite, and absolutely perfect Being, omnipotent and omniscient; that is, his duration extends from eternity to eternity, and his presence from infinity to infinity: he governs all things, and knows all things which exist or can be known. He is not eternity or infinity, but eternal and infinite; he is not duration or space, but he endures and is present—he endures forever, and is present every where. Since every portion of space is always, and every indivisible moment of duration is every where, certainly the Maker and Lord of all things cannot be never or no where. God is omnipresent, not virtually only but substantially, for power cannot subsist without substance. In him all things are contained and move, but without reciprocal affection: God is not affected by the motion of bodies, nor do bodies suffer resistance from the omnipresence of God.

It is universally allowed, that God exists necessarily; and by the same necessity he exists always and every where—Whence he is throughout similar, all eye, all ear, all brain, all arm, all power of perceiving, understanding and acting; but in a manner not at all human; in a manner not at all corporeal; in a manner to us altogether unknown. As a blind man has no idea of colors, so we have no idea of the manner in which the most wise God perceives and understands all things. He is entirely without body and bodily form, and therefore can neither be seen, nor heard, nor ought he to be worshipped under any corporeal representation. We have ideas of his attributes, but what the substance of any thing is we are wholly ignorant. We see only the *figures* and *colors* of bodies; we hear only sounds; we touch only external superficies; we smell only odours; we taste only savours; of their internal substances we have no knowledge by any sense, or by any reflex act of mind: much less have we any idea of the substance of God. We know him only by his properties and attributes, by the most wise and excellent structure of things, and by final causes; and we reverence and worship him on account of his dominion. A God without dominion, providence and design, is nothing else than *fate* and *nature*.

Poetry.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

Mr. Editor—I was so much pleased with the beauty and pathos contained in "A Literal Translation of Latin Lines," that appeared in your Sixth Number, that I am induced to offer you the following attempt at a versification. H.

THESE Flow'rs accept, O Trav'ler, Brother, Friend!
 And o'er their modest beauties kindly bend:
 Faint are the sweets their drooping leaves can yield,
 For they were gathered in a sterile field,
 While Autumn's chill and misty curtain drew,
 A transient veil o'er Heav'n's ethereal blue;
 The clouds dispersing, glow'd with richer dyes,
 And gave a last adieu to Summer skies.
 Pluck'd by disease, not long they vig'rous stand,
 Yet may revive in health's elastic hand:
 How was the eye of sorrow dimmed with care,
 When on the rapine fell soft pity's tear!
 O! may the finder's eye of joy ne'er fail,
 This sad'ning drop of anguish to exhale!
 Lopp'd in a land where tumults still resound,
 And mad'ning War spreads desolation round:
 Alas! how wither'd will their leaves become,
 Ere Peace shall smile upon their natal home!
 'Twas on the Sabbath Day of Christians bless'd,
 These Flow'rs were pluck'd—these Lines to you address'd:
 If mild compassion, then, your bosom warms,
 O! shield and cherish them from future harms!
 Let Jesus' Gospel be thy guide, and then
 Shew charity, "good will towards all men."
 And now, may you in safety take your way;
 Be quiet thine, and comfort balm your day!
 May you, O! Trav'ler, Brother, or kind Friend,
 Esteem the gift, and o'er its beauties bend!

EFFUSIONS,

WRITTEN DURING A SISTER'S ILLNESS WITH A PUTRID FEVER.

HARK! they are well-known voices, and the notes
 Are full of anguish. Tell me—is she dead?
 If dead, why weep you? We shall meet anon
 Where Death can never break our peace again!
 "Ah, no!—the spark of life is ling'ring yet,
 "But 't is almost expir'd!"

Oh! cruel friends,
 That keep me from a dying sister's bed,
 And will not let me take a last farewell!

Perhaps my voice would call her back to health,
 And blow the mould'ring spark into a flame.
 I'll in—no danger shall obstruct my way;
 But I will kiss her lips, though Death be there.

How boils the blood through all her fever'd frame;
 Feel how it throbs and burns beneath your hand;
 See how the big drops on her forehead start,
 And from her eye the scalding tear descends!

Ah! does she know her brother's at her side?
 Think ye she feels the pressure of his hand?

Hist, oh! my sister! one who loves thee calls:
 He wants to see thee rise, and smile again;
 He wants to lead thee to the verdant mead,
 To hail the morn of Spring, that, laughing, comes
 With od'rous breath, and spangled flow'rets gay:
 He wants to listen to thy honied words,
 And catch instruction from thy lips again.
 Oh! stay, nor leave him yet!—'t is but to day
 He feels how dear thou art; 't is but to day
 He knew thy value, and begun to love thee:
 As yet, he is not satiate of thy worth,
 Nor have thy virtues cloy'd his youthful taste.
 He cannot let thee go: he owes thee much,
 And, if thou diest, he will live thy debtor!

Oh! I would speak as soft as zephyrs blow,
 I would be calm and gentle as a lamb,
 So thou wilt hear me;—else into thine ear
 I'll thunder my complaint, and make thee stay
 To give another look: I'll call so loud,
 That it shall rouse thee in the arms of Death;
 I'll weep such tears, that, falling on his breast,
 His flinty heart shall melt, and give thee back!

Ah, no!—In vain are all our tears and groans:
 They cannot make her stay a moment here;
 And, when she goes, 't will ask archangel's trump,
 To strike the cold and leaden ear of Death:
 But, when he hears, he will obey the call,
 And yield her to the tenants of the skies!

Come, then, Religion, balm of wounded souls,
 And calm the throbbings of my tortur'd heart;
 Bid me be calm, be easy, and resigned;
 Bid me look up to Heav'n—for there, on high,
 Sits one who died, that we should die no more!

The Thing that tim'rous, fearful men, call Death;
 Is but the herald of immortal joys;
 And they are happy whom he summons home!